

*The Historie of*

*Fals.* I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

*Prim.* Why? thou owest God a death.

*Fals.* Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that cals not on me? Well, tis no matter, Honour prickes me on: yea, but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then? no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis insensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme.

*Exit.*

*Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*,  
The liberall kind offer of the King.

*Ver.* T'were best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vndone,  
It is not possible, it can not be,  
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,  
He will suspect vs still, and find a time,  
To punish this offence in others fautes;  
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;  
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,  
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,  
Will haue a wilde trick of his ancesters:  
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily?  
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,  
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,  
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.  
My Nephewes trespassse may be well forgot,  
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,  
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,  
A haire-braind *Hotspur*, gouerned by a spleene,  
All his offences liue vpon my head,  
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,  
And his corruption benig tane from vs.

*We.*

*Henry the fourth.*

Weas the spring of all, shal pay for all:  
Therefore good Coosen, let not *Harry* know  
In any case, the offer of the King.

*Enter Hotspur*

*Ver.* Deliuer what you wil, Ile say tis so. Here comes you coose

*Hot.* My Vncle is returnd,  
Deliuer vp my Lord of *Westmerland*:  
Vncle, What newes?

*Wor.* The King will bid you Battell presently.

*Dowg.* Desie him by the Lord of *Westmerland*.

*Hot.* Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him so.

*Dowg.* Mary and shall, and very willingly. *Exit Dowg.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the King.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid.

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grieuances,  
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,  
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,  
He cals vs Rebels, I raytors, and will scourge  
With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Dowg.*

*Dowg.* Arme Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne  
A braue Defiance in King *Henries* teeth;  
And *Westmerland* that was ingag'd did beare it,  
Which can not chuse but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The *Prince of Wales* stept foorth before the King,  
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, would the quarrell lay vyon our heads,  
And that no man might draw short breath to day,  
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell mee, tell mee,  
How shewd his talking? seemd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soule, I neuer in my life  
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,  
Vlesse a Brother should a Brother dare  
To gentle exercise and prooffe of armes.  
He gaue you all the duties of a man,  
Trimd vp your prayses with a Princely tongue,  
Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,  
Making you euer better then his prayse,  
By still dispraying prayse, valued with you:  
And which became him like a Prince indeed.

*He*